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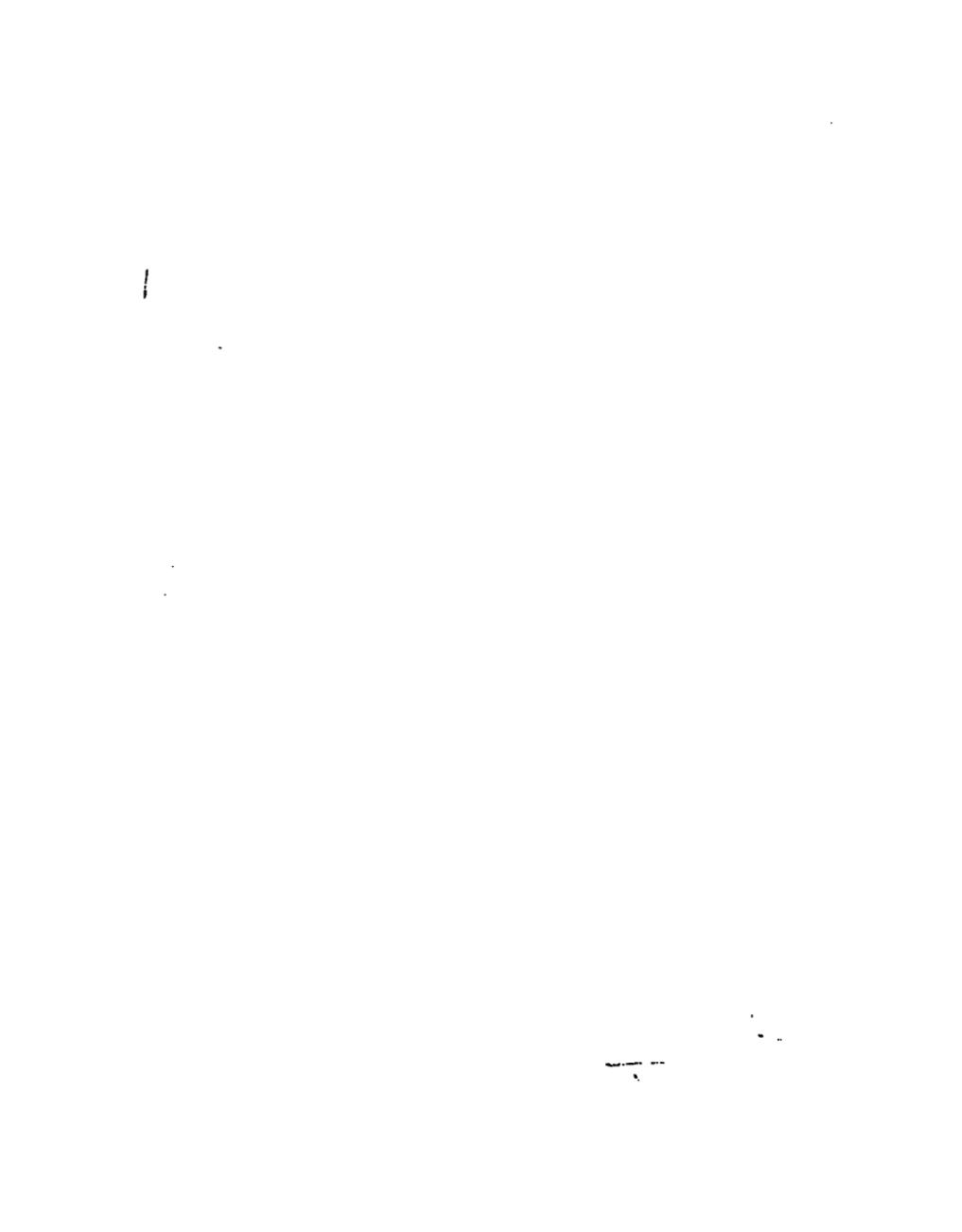


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THE MAN IN
THE MOON

To Eva
F. J.



THE MAN IS
THE MOON

To Eric

✓



THE MAN IN THE
MOON

or

The Unexpected

BY

BERTRAM DENDRON

Motto: De mal en pis.

BONNELL, SILVER & COMPANY

NEW YORK



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ILLUSTRATED BY A
REAL NICE
YOUNG MAN

1. THE MAN IN THE MOON

1. THE WOMAN WHO OUGHT "NOT TO BE"

3. THE WAY TO PARADISE

N. B. The Author wishes to publicly thank the kind friend and artist whose illustrations lend whatever of charm and value this may possess.

Bertram Dendron.



INTRODUCTION.

General Public :

DEAR SIR :—As you will doubtless discover *it* should you glance through these pages, I have screwed up my courage to the bursting point and am decided to forcibly inform you that I am well known as the “bad boy” of my own particular quiet little village in the valley.

The Man in the Moon was perpetrated by me as a joke on his Lunatic Majesty and “others” (it’s

Introduction

useless your guessing, you'll sure get it wrong, and be sure you don't think it's yourself. I give you the warning, because even a boy who knows how to throw stones as well as I do sometimes kills the wrong bird you know if the wrong bird gets in the way). You see there was a certain man on whom I wanted to set the Tiger, but the Tiger was rather difficult, so I just got even the best way that I could. I know you don't understand and—it's too difficult anyhow, besides—what do I care what you understand. But if ever he should visit his Alma Mater I

Introduction

hope that he'll have the good sense to go on an elephant—in that case he may perhaps enjoy festivities under the “Elm.”

To return to His Majesty—should he prove himself capable of running a successful career I have further promised myself the pleasure of firing off a few more “bombs,” foremost among which are a few leaves from “My Sister’s Diary,” and also an extra a No. 1 XXX tagged “My Neighbors’ Faults” (I’ve several neighbors). I’ve ordered an extra long fuse for that last one, and I say though, but that “Diary” of sis is

Introduction

pretty good if you know how to translate.

What you don't know (but you'll find out) is that at home they call me "the limit," "the climax," and sometimes "holy terror," but if only I were a girl they'd call me an "angel" I know. I am, my dear general, always andacter et sincere yours for mischief.

TRAM.

P. S.—I just got a peek at this. Tram don't know it, he'd be mad if he did, but I want to tell you. Tram and I are twins you know, and the

Introduction

other day when I went for a walk I heard an old man mutter “The Devil’s Ward.” I wonder which of us he meant, but it must have been Tram—here he comes now.

Hastily yours,

T’s S.

More in my next.

NOTE.—It is earnestly hoped that the “amiable” intentions of this young cub in regard to his neighbors may not be taken seriously; moreover the drastic measure which he proposes in regard to them would doubtless fail of its own accord, said neighbors being all good Christian people whose faults as such *should* either be dead secret or unreadably dull and uninteresting. Such being the case they are doubtless tolerably safe and besides he won’t,—he won’t.



SOLILOQUY.

Are you fond of Greek Mythology?
I'm not. Poor Daphne; she never
in this world meant to turn into that
laurel-bush. What a pity it is (some-
times) that—a man—can't run faster.



EPISODE.

Time.—Now, evening early.

Scene.—Mud Avenue shaded by trees—verandas all occupied—two ladies on a door-step. Cavalier riding up and down accosts ladies.

Cav. Your pardon, but can you tell me where Mrs. Black lives?

1st Lady. Yes (cogitates a moment, looks direction). You see that grey house? One, two, three. Yes, it's the third house up.

Cav. Oh, I thank you.

Episode

2d Lady (quickly). Pardon me, but Mrs. Black is not in the city at present.

Cav. (playing up to it). No? I thank you. And could you give me her address?

2d Lady. I would with pleasure, but you see I forget whether she went to Heaven or—

Cav. Spurs.



OH! LORD MY SISTER'S TONGUE.

(A SAMPLE.)

I have a friend, an old school chum. He's rather a dignified sort of chap, and has known Alma since —oh, well. I mean he thinks that he has known her. Never mind how I found out about it, but this is what she did to him. It was a Sunday afternoon and she went out for a walk. She was looking very sweet that day. Mostly she is, but sometimes—sometimes.

Ob! Lord My Sister's Tongue

Well it seems that he went for a walk too. He overtook her and they fell to chatting pleasantly and naturally (I ought not to mention that she instituted a whole lot of inquiries concerning a former friend and admirer since married, with the express purpose of seeming to have been more deeply interested than she cared to show—her object being merely sentimental. It worked quite well). Afterward they talked of themselves and other things.

In the course of that walk she turned a corner rather abruptly and he turned too, breaking in on the



Ob! Lord My Sister's Tongue

conversation to observe that he was going that way so as to pass her door. She opined, *sotto voce*, streets were free, and the gay chat continued as though the road had gone straight.

Proceeding so they came and stood in front of her door. He talked against time in the hope that she would take a hint, but finally his patience exhausted he said, "Well, aren't you going to ask me in?"

I wish I could tell you how she looked, but I can't. And she said, "Why, Dick, I would you know, but I can't. You see its so near dinner time and I couldn't think of

Oh! Lord My Sister's Tongue

asking you in without feeding you,
and we never have anything to eat on
Sunday."

On recovering his breath he ex
claimed, "Really though! but you
don't mean it." Whereon my sister
sweetly replied, "Really though!
but *I do*. Air, air, nothing but air,"
and so saying ran up the steps and
into the house. I say though, but
he's a good natured chap and sis
ought to be—but what could you do
to her after all.



SOLOMON

In all his glory was not arrayed
like—

I'm sorry he's been so long in the
incubator, but at last he's done
brown and ready to serve.

Years ago just up the street on the
corner stood a grocery store. As is
the custom in thinly settled places
the men of the town were in the
habit of congregating there evenings
for—for politics, especially in the
winter time.

Of course everybody was welcome

Solomon

and among the number who frequented the place was an old darkey who, though he had often been seen to hook a slice of ham or a hunk of cheese, was yet tolerated for the amusement he furnished the company.

Among his special accomplishments was that of dancing. One very cold night he was observed to hook a roll of butter, slip it in his hat and clap the hat on his head. Almost immediately he started for the door saying, "Mus' go home, hab git up early morro' mornin', drib Massa Skates to Franklin Station."

Solomon

But an idea had caught the crowd and they decided to have some fun before he went. So one backed up against the door and another took him by the arm and playfully urged him to an open space close by the roaring fire—"Just one dance before you go, Solomon." Solomon protested. It was no use. So Solomon danced, and one dance done was urged, almost even pulled, to dance again until the melted butter fairly poured down over his black face.

Wiping it off with his bandana he exclaimed repeatedly, "Golly! how I swat to-night. Golly! how I swat."

Solomon

Whereon he was greatly urged to take off his hat.

He was kept dancing until he ceased to "swat" in so remarkable a manner when he was allowed to depart in peace. He was never known to hook another thing.— (Marvel.)



HALF WED.

Now don't you get lachrymose, it doesn't pay you know. "Laugh and the world—" but don't you get trite either. What a funny world anyhow, when a thing's too fresh we salt it, and when a thing's too salt we soak it. It seems rather, if your pessimistic, as though Fate's always against a thing.

And life may be gay and glad or sad and bad—according as you make

Half Wed

it. (Perhaps.) (A desultory introduction.)

This is a case of the woman—I never heard what became of the man. She was a southern “belle,” and a mighty fine woman, too, and courted by all the beaux in and out for miles around.

One, a dashing fellow, a man of fine physique and fiery temper, soon outstripped all the rest however, and the matter impetuously settled itself into a romantic courtship too full of incidents for this brief narrative to even attempt to set forth with justice. (That's why they are omitted.)

Half Wed

Accordingly the tale is brief, and we can already hear the merry chime of wedding bells as the soft night wind gently wafts the melodious sound adown the sloping side of the beautiful mountain valley over which a dominant southern city stands guard.
(Oh dear.)

Bright lights gleam and glance through the black darkness of a southern night (later the moon will be up), and coaches roll in almost endless procession up to the old church porch, while prancing steeds, their owners gay in bright velvets and rich satins and soft laces and sparkling

Half Wed

jewels, lend flavor and enchantment to the brilliant scene. (It must be remembered that all this was a while ago, is slightly archaic in fact, and should you happen inadvertently to discover an anachronism just please to close your eyes and charitably try to remember that I am doing my level best in the endeavor (breathe here) to paint a scene truly and indisputably southern in atmosphere, etc. It's the realistic order I think, so if you should get slightly bewildered don't mind about that. Just stand and stare, and stare and stare. It'll all come out clear if you only

Half Wed

persevere and—I say though ; gee ! but did you ever try the crystal maize? It's almost as good as loop the loop only it takes longer to get out ; but I guess we're out all safe now though).

A hush, a hush that can almost be heard steals o'er the gay assembly camped within, and breathless awe holds silent every soul—the organ sounds—the deep sweet tones, scarce audible yet soul compelling, pervade the perfumed atmosphere, and the bridal party, stately, slow traverses the middle aisle. They halt before the sacred altar and the solemn ceremony

Half Wed

that binds a man and woman, "husband and wife," begins. "And do thou Nicolini Alfonso take this woman, Angelina, to be thy wedded wife, to have and to hold for better, for worse, until death do you part?" "I do." "And do you Angelina take this man, Nicolini, to be thy wedded husband—" "No!" Consternation, hubbub, curtain.

N. B.—This took the prize for composition in Class. That's a stone—no matter where. B. D.

It is well to explain that a certain southern lady did really say no a

Half Wed

the altar. The facts are these. She had been a “belle.” The marriage was arranged (it was long ago), as they used sometimes to be here—the bride and groom going down the aisle together. Entering she tripped on her gown, either through awkwardness or nervousness, and he lost his temper. She, horrified and dazed, continued down the aisle scarce knowing what she did, but at the fatal moment impulse prompted her to say “No.”

The bridal party adjourned to a private room where all due effort was made to persuade her to allow the

Half Wed

ceremony to continue, but she remained firm. She explained that it had appeared to her that a man who could be angry with her for such a trifle at such a moment did not love her. At first the shock had numbed her—she had not deliberately meant anything sensational. She felt, however, that the marriage would be wrong and unhappy and had but come to her senses at the fatal question. Some time afterward she married, it is said, happily. What became of the unhappy bridegroom is not known.



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

HOW HE GOT THERE AND HIS FUTURE DESTINY.

I suppose that you all know him, the Old Man in the Moon with his great dark eyes, one of which laughs while the other one cries ; and the mouth that turns up, way up at one corner, and down, way down at the other.

Did you ever notice those frequent pictures of him, one side all smiles and the other side all frowns ? Well

The Man In The Moon

I have, and I've wondered how he came to look like that. I think that I can tell you.

A long, long time ago, before even the Garden of Eden, Satan one day, examining his subjects, found among their number a man who was far too good to be allowed to remain in Hades ; and about the same moment the angel Gabriel, in looking over the forces of Heaven, discovered a man who was much too bad to be allowed to remain in Paradise.

I suppose that in those early times, when souls were rather scarce, the regulations concerning admittance

The Man In The Moon

to either place were not so strictly enforced as now, when every place is overcrowded ; and probably they slipped each into the wrong place unnoticed. At any rate there they were, but once discovered they were not allowed to remain. Satan immediately determined to fire the Good Man up to Heaven, and St. Peter promptly received orders to drop the Bad Man down to —

As it happened each began his respective journey at precisely the same moment.

Just as the Good Man, seated on a dynamite bomb, was exploded up,

The Man In The Moon

St. Peter, loosening his grip on the Bad Man's collar, dropped him down. It also happened that in the explosion of the bomb the Good Man's body was blown to atoms, leaving his head to go whirling upward through space (an accident which Satan perhaps lamented). Meanwhile the Bad Man was gracefully falling, but an untoward accident checked his course.

Our dear old Moon having sailed the heavens in peace and quiet for so long a time had long since ceased to be on the lookout for danger, and was doubtless much surprised at

The Man In The Moon

being suddenly assailed by a falling body, for that is what happened—the Bad Man fell into the Moon. Moreover, the force of the collision was so great that it broke his neck clean off and left his body to continue its downward plunge.

At almost the same moment the head of the Good Man springing upward through space struck the Moon from the other side, and there they remain to this day, the force of the collision welding the two into one.

The smiling side of the face is accountable to the Good Man's

The Man In The Moon

natural joy at his ascent from hell, and the mournful side to the Bad Man's distress over his descent from heaven.

As to his future, poor Old Man, being neither good enough for heaven nor bad enough for hell, he is just doomed to gradually fade, and fade until he at last disappears altogether with the final collapse of the Moon.

Should you watch him carefully you will notice that he grows fainter and fainter with every passing year.



HOW SHE GOT REFUSED.

MR. —

My Dear Sir :—Should you kindly spare the time to criticise the accompanying it would be considered a great favor and duly appreciated by me.

A short time since it made its first and only fight for life, but it was rather unfortunately “knocked out” in the first round. Being a true sport however, and possessing the necessary

How She Got Refused

“pluck,” it soon got over being winded, and now stands up to time for another round.

Should you be pleased to “kill it dead” at a single blow do not hesitate for a moment.

To be killed outright is not, after all, such a dreadful misfortune as some suppose, and I assure you that I have made a permanent engagement with a private crematory to quietly dispose of all that I drop into the grate.

If it is good for anything, then what is it good for, and especially *where*? And if good for nothing,

How She Got Refused

why not say so at once and settle the matter.

Believing that you are too far off to fear my indignation or to pity my distress, to say nothing of my faith in your honesty of criticism, or the veneration and honor in which I hold your name, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

BERT. DENDRON.

N. B.—She was returned—in a hurry.

The Second Time

THE SECOND TIME.

(YOU SEE SHE IS PERSISTENT.)

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir :—Some time since I mailed a little manuscript, “A Statue of the New Woman,” to the —. As it contained a self-addressed envelope (stamped) for return, and has been neither seen nor heard from since, I am now wondering whether the poor thing is “lost, strayed, or stolen.” She is indeed a pesky

The Second Time

creature this “new woman,” and may perhaps have taken it into her womanish head to ride off to the moon or somewhere; but it is far more probable that she has just run a tack in her tire and is laid up for repairs at Uncle Sam’s Dead Letter Office. In any case, I am quite ready to forgive and anxious to receive her back, and I trust that she will be quite willing to return seeing that she must have gotten into some place where she is not wanted. Should you be able to give me any information concerning her I request you to do so in with lightning speed for I am con-

The Second Time

sumed with anxiety—in which case I will remain,

Gratefully yours,

BERT. DENDRON.

(REPLY.)

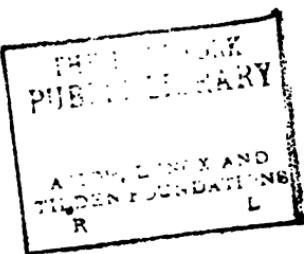
Dear Sir:—The MSS. mentioned cannot be found, and it is probable that, as you fear, it has gone astray.

Yours truly, .

EDITOR THE —,

New York.

(The comment celeste) May she plague the rogue who stole her.







THE TWENTIETH CEN-
TURY MAID, OR GALATEA
UP TO DATE.

“NON COMPOS MENTIS.”

Along the winding banks of the beautiful Passaic there stands a mysterious tower, vulgarly known as “Rosamond’s Tower,” chiefly because so plainly visible from the opposite side and so impossible of locating once the curious traveller has crossed in search thereof. Per-

The Twentieth Century Maid,

sonally I have enjoyed the experience of that disappointment more than once, and I would recommend it highly to the idler or tourist in search of diversion. It is quite harmless, and besides the tower is possessed of the additional charm of being haunted—haunted by the Ghost of an Artist. There is no possible danger, seeing that the lusty Pilgrim is sure to fail of his destination. At the conclusion of his journey he may however, if he like, devour sour grapes by the handful—they are plentiful there, I believe, although for some ancient reason the

or Galatea Up To Date

exact spot is commonly designated Laurel Hill.

As before mentioned, this delusive tower is said to be haunted by the ghost of a crazy artist. He once had a studio somewhere, and his is said to be a most interesting case. He is believed to have died only recently—"genuine heart-failure"—so the Coroner pronounced it, but later the gossipping villagers have advanced the opinion that it was probably only "incipient palpitation" induced by sudden shock.

Some time since our artist, in a moment of happy inspiration, con-

The Twentieth Century Maid,

ceived the idea of endowing the “ New Woman ” with immortality and a “ statue,” and he immediately set to work to carry out his plan. At last the beauty was finished, bicycle knickerbockers and all, and given the most prominent place in his studio ; but, alas, the poor Artist could no longer work. He was forever standing gaping at this his master-piece.

A sympathizing friend one day suggested that the thing was worthy of a name, and so the poor Artist ransacked his brain until in an ev moment he choose that of t’ “ Modern Galatea,” a name wh:

or Galatea Up To Date

afforded him great delight, but proved very unfortunate for from that moment he was doomed.

What, with the ancient legend of the genuine Galatea, the wonders of hypnotism, and the marvels of electric'y, he became possessed of the idea that it was just possible for his statue to assume life. Indeed it is to be wondered whether, even at this early stage, he was quite himself; but then it is an accepted fact that the artistic temperament is subject to many vagaries.

But however that may be, as a first experiment he invested in an

The Twentieth Century Maid,

electric hair-brush. Carefully and patiently our Artist set to work daily brushing the marble tresses of his idolized "Modern Gal," as he nicknamed her; and what was his ecstasy to find, after a little time, a marvelous growth of short hair springing from the marble scalp, while the beautiful chiseled tresses so carefully wrought out took on life and color.

The Artist was beside himself with joy, and now firmly convinced that his statue could be endowed with life.

After many futile attempts he finally decided on an electric shock

or Galatea Up To Date

as one last supreme effort. It was thought that a thunder-storm would afford the most propitious moment for carrying out the plan, as the electricity could then be attracted directly from the clouds.

The master-electrician called in to direct matters decided that in order to insure complete success it would be necessary to have the statue thoroughly saturated with electricity, struck by lightning in fact, and the Artist too was of the same opinion.

After much ingenuity and contriving things were finally ready for the crucial test, and it wanted only the

The Twentieth Century Maid,

thunder-storm in order to try the experiment.

As was natural both the Artist and his friend had invited numbers of their friends to witness the trial, and all being ready the thunder obligingly came along.

“M. G.” cold and icy, her calm yet vacant eyes fixed on air, her short hair scarce visible beneath her jaunty cap, her knickerbockers faultless, and her bicycle ready to spin into space the moment that she was liberated, stood firmly on her pedestal.

The fatal moment came, the mas-

or Galatea Up To Date

ter pressed a dainty button, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the statue shivered, stretched its limbs, stepped down from its pedestal, mounted the wheel, and with a musical "Gee Whizz," sped swiftly beyond the horizon—and the ghost haunts the town. tower



MY ENGAGEMENT.

I'm still a batchelor and likely to remain so for some little time. I tell you that so as to spoil the flavor in the beginning, if possible, but you can take it for the mere bluntness of good old-fashioned honesty should you prefer. (That's a stone at the Present though aimed at the Past.)

I'm rather a gay young fellow—quite "a blade," don't you know and all "this and that." I rid

My Engagement

horse-back like the Devil, and can handle the "ribbons" with "Jehu" himself—it's difficult keeping your hat on though; but a man won't often own that. I've relegated my bicycle to a beggar, and as for an "auto"—well it's fun going over the bumps, but for sport, genuine sport, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." (I yelled that.)

It wouldn't be nice of me to say anything about dice or poker, but you won't mind my mentioning that occasionally I go fishing with an "ex-officio" of some renown, and also we sometimes "pop a duck."

My Engagement

That's realistic, you know. I haven't had a duel yet, but I'm trying real hard for one (I wonder what a duel-list does with his eye-glass while "its on"), and I think that I'll have somebody mad enough to call me out pretty soon. I'm rather a good "rifle," can take a pin out of the target every single shot, but I don't go much on pistols—I would rather it were swords—that's why I mean to be in a position to do the choosing if ever I'm so lucky (I'd have one right off but for that little matter of the weapons).

Yachting is all very good, but since

My Engagement

the girls have taken it up—well it makes a fellow feel rather cheap, you know; and tennis is no good excepting you measure it by the pretty girl standard. Bowling does very well for old men with the lumbago or something—it seems to limber the back, and is only mildly exciting, you know; and golf—well I'd like golf well enough if only one didn't have to master the language, that's such a “beastly exertion,” you know. But polo's the game for me though; you just ought to see me play polo—why only last week I broke a pony's leg. I would have done the

My Engagement

right thing sublime, but it was all the fault of my saddle and "Buceph's" failing to mind the rein. I settled it with him afterward, and I've ordered a new saddle—there isn't much left of that one. The other fellows were rather mad about it at first, but I've ordered a little "spread and nip," and I guess that after they've gobbled a few gilded peacock's tongues and swallowed mighty rivulets of old Madeira sprinkled with diamond dust, not to mention oyster cocktails with dissolved pearls galore, things will turn out all right. (I haven't mentioned the favors, but

My Engagement

they're immense, the cimeter of Saladin couldn't begin to cut ice with them.)

Note.—After the feed there's the ghost of a vaudeville on the quiet.

Now I guess that you've got a pretty good idea of me, though I've modestly omitted to mention almost everything—you see I'm a dabster at painting (just you call around and take a peek into my studio sometime); and I'm rather musical, go to the opera lots, etc. Oh, though, but I do hate teas—you think that strange. It isn't at all. I assure you.

One thing more while I am in a con-

My Engagement

fidential mood. I think, I believe, I know I could vie with Marie Bas—herself, if ever there should be a contest for egotism—well, I wish that some one would get up a good old-fashioned tournament and let me joust for that medal. I'll bet on myself anyway. (Note by the author. Kind reader please to observe that it is really just *here* that he does *win* above all possible competition it would be useless for any to enter the lists against him).

Now, I think that I had better begin on that girl, she seems inclined to escape, sometimes girls do. St

My Engagement

looked like a dear, sweet little thing, just the sort that a chap like me would want for a wife, don't you know. Her people were living in the country where I met her—reduced circumstances—and it seemed a real pity to see her buried there. She was a dear pink and white little "sweet," one that you could have a peaceful sort of home life with, don't you know; that is, when you wanted to be home, so I got engaged to her on sight.

Well, for about a week I was continually getting off to myself that old gag "vini, vidi, vici but would you

My Engagement

believe it that engagement worked a metamorphosisticuss in her. Instead of the old familiar, "Oh, how lovely, how nice of you, Teddy," and "What a dear boy you are," she suddenly became interrogative and imperative, and it began to be "But why didn't you come yesterday as you said you would?" and "What were you doing last evening that you didn't come to see me?" and "I say, Teddy, violets were all well enough before we were engaged, but they're not the kind of flower that I like at all—they'll do for a milliner's apprentice, but I want you to send me

My Engagement

something more elaborate. I ran into town the other day, so I just stopped in at 'Fleish—' and ordered myself this bouquet of roses (I wanted orchids, but I thought that these would do), and had them charged to you—you see its really just the same as though you'd sent them yourself."

I must confess I didn't see—I don't yet, but perhaps she was right about it. I'd been wondering where those American beauties came from, but I had hesitated about asking.

Well, things went to worse. I began to feel that after all I might

My Engagement

have made a mistake in the science of physiognomy, but I'm a man of honor and I had given my word, so I decided to live up to it; besides I had been under the illusion that she loved me, and she still sometimes fanned that illusion, so that on the whole I concluded to let the thing go on. You see I had discovered that I was not really in love with her, but if it were only true that she loved me—well, a man can get on tolerably well with a wife who loves him and, too, I had given my word.

Things were in this state when one delightful autumn evening I mounted

My Engagement

Beersheba and slowly cantered over the romantic highway which led to the rural home of my betrothed. The sun was just setting behind the western hills, and the red glow and the gorgeous tints of the clouds, and the rich green of the foliage, and the occasional "Bob-white" of a lone bird, were all mildly conducive to the sentimental, and I yielded to the enchanting spell. The latter part of my journey lay through a dense wood, and with the delightful damp-moss odor still in my nostrils I reached the gate and turned my horse's head. Crossing the lawn I

My Engagement

entered, as was my custom, without knocking. Passing from the hall into the front parlor, which was screened from the sitting-room by curtains, I had my breath taken away by over-hearing a strange conversation. I can never bring myself to believe that I listened *willingly*—I was simply dumbfounded.

A voice, *her* voice, pitched in a strident key, reverberated through the rooms. She was saying, “But I can’t bear the sight of him. I simply can’t bear the sight of him.” Another voice low and sweet replied, “Oh, I wouldn’t speak like that if I

My Engagement

were you." And again she repeated, even louder than before, "But I can't help it—I can't bear the sight of him." The other voice said, "Well, if you feel like that about it, why don't you break it off?" Then my sweet replied, "Oh, but you see I can't. I must take him or what could we do? besides mamma insists that *that* will wear off; and, too, I couldn't have the heart to do it anyhow, because you know whenever I try to say anything he just weeps and weeps all around ~~this~~ room — I couldn't have the heart.

The spell was broken, I realized at

My Engagement

last that I was listening to a conversation evidently not intended for my ears, but which Fate, with her usual delight in seeing mortals quaff the “bitter-sweet,” had deliberately held to my lips. (My Rhetoric kicked at that Metaphor. Well I don’t care.) At least there was a certain satisfaction in having found it out. I now boldly advanced into the sitting-room and requested the favor of an interview with *this* young lady, but what was my astonishment to find that neither of them looked in the least surprised, and presently there was a merry peal of laughter.

My Engagement

I finally extracted the information that my “sweet one” was and had been for a year previous to meeting me engaged to his honor, Lord B—, who now appeared upon the scene. And her ladyship, that is to be, smiled sweetly up at me and said, “Don’t you remember, Teddy dear, the time you found a cigarette on the carpet? and you didn’t quite know whether to believe me that it was mine; but you see it was mine after all.” I had some notion of expressing my opinion concerning the matter, but on the whole I concluded to depart in a dignified silence. And now you

My Engagement

ladies who sometimes stigmatize a bachelor as “selfish man,” do you really wonder how it is that some of us are single?

Author’s Note.—It is perhaps as well to explain how I came into the possession of “My Engagement.” I have a charming lady friend. One day she gave a few facts, ending her story however with the girl in hysterics, and then she said, “Tram, that story was told to me by a gentleman whom I suspect of perpetrating a practical joke on me. I think that

My Engagement

I could read between the lines, but of course you can't, and I'm afraid I'd rather not explain. But please won't you put the story into your book, only with a different ending, and say, Tram, while you are about it won't you fix him up fine?" I promised to do my best. Dear Reader, it is for you to decide whether I've succeeded; but I must confess that towards the end my respect for my own sex forced me to allow the poor fellow his dignity, and I guess that her spleen will rest satisfied with what I did to him in the beginning. Dear me, it seems to

My Engagement

me that I throw stones in all directions, and I verily believe that if they were only diamonds people would mistake me for a regular sun-burst.

B. D.







RUTH.

HOW SHE DID IT.

“CORPUS SINE PECTORE.”

The formality of an introduction being passed by in contempt the reader is immediately informed that Ruth is one of those ambitious and somewhat discontented mortals who think themselves above their fate and are constantly striving to attract the smiles of Fortune or raise themselves on the wings of Effort to the rarified atmosphere of success in the realms of Genius (rot).

Ruth

Well, some are born genius, some obtain genius, and some have genius thrust upon them. Kind reader it is left to your fine discrimination and unerring judgment to decide which of these tombstones poor Ruth rests under. (Tombstones are dead weights and scarce worth one's while.)

Much against her inclination she has for some years distinguished herself behind a counter in a prosperous department store.

The proprietor was doubtless quite satisfied, but not so poor Ruth. “No, indeed!” she holds herself quite above that, even aspires to Art

Ruth

“ for it’s own sake,” and hopes some day to take the world by storm should she ever be graduated from the Conservatory of Applicaid Design. She would also, if she could, attend one of these modern colleges where “ Woman’s Suffrage ” as a science is the chief fact of the curriculum.

In truth she is at present a diligent student at both the above named institutions, each requiring an attendance of two days weekly.

The plan by which she rendered such attendance possible is indeed remarkable. Possibly even interest-

Ruth

ing to you, dear reader—and, if not—well, a book is more easily closed and laid aside than a past.

As every one knows dry-goods hours are long and dry-goods days consecutive, and so, in order to be able to attend college, it was necessary to solve the problem, how to be in two places at one and the same time—rather a difficult problem to solve, as even an ordinary individual can understand. Ruth was not, however, of a disposition to give up easily, and after a slight investigation of hypnotism and persistent meditation an idea came to the relief of he

Ruth

poor troubled brain. She would have a Double. But how !

Think, think, think,
On thy empty scheme.

Oh, brain—but at last an idea came—why not a rubber double? She would go to the doll factory that very day. On her way there, however, it occurred to her that a rubber image, life size, would be rather cumbrous, and it would certainly lack the activity necessary in her double. Here was a new difficulty truly, but the dainty gossamer gracefully enveloping the form of a

Ruth

dummy in a show window helped her out.

She would have herself copied in rubber spread on a thin silk background, and so arranged that when not in use "she" could be neatly rolled up and carried in her pocket.

Accordingly the thing was done, and one stormy night Ruth set out for the factory to get her other self. On returning home she hastily unwrapped the precious package and quickly proceeded to inflate the thing to its proper proportions. This accomplished, she placed it beside her and turned the mirror to enjoy

Ruth

the satisfaction of observing the twin likeness of herself and Ditto.

It was perfect. The manufacturers having spared no pains to make the copy real, even going so far as to have employed a real artist to lay on the color and copy the bright brown eyes and florid complexion of the original. It is even said that they required Miss Ruth to have her head examined by a phrenologist and send the diagram to them so as to be sure and have the bumps correct.

Ruth's success would now have been assured but for one thing, the "darling" would not and could not

Ruth

“talk back,” wouldn’t and couldn’t talk at all in fact; no, nor even sit or stand, unless poor Ruth deliberately stood her up or sat her down—she was too utterly passive for anything.

Disappointed, Ruth suddenly realized that after all “looks is not everything”; but being a strong-minded little woman she absolutely refused to acknowledge herself beaten, and deliberately set to work to overcome all difficulties.

This passive creature must be taught to walk, etc.—endowed with a hasty education—in short, made to do whatever Miss Ruth had done.

Ruth

But how to endow this inanity with
the all needful. How!

She must be made to do duty at
the store, not to mention the neces-
sary training for an occasional private
though harmless flirtation with the
Apollo of the muslin counter—and
oh, such lots of things. But how to
invest this vacant image with so much
in so short a time—for she must be
ready for the morrow—the problem
was almost beyond her solution, poor
Ruth.

Due reflection finally convinced
her that hypnotism was probably the
most likely to serve her purpose, and

Ruth

having chosen she at once went to work.

Standing poor Ditto up against the wall she opened the performance by making several frantic passes of the hand close before the dull eyes, meanwhile steadily staring therein with might and main, half afraid, yet not altogether without hope of seeing the first answering gleam. Oh, wonder of the human will! The image blinked its eyes and smiled back—Ruth's own smile—and Ruth sank to the floor.

On recovering consciousness what was her surprise to see Ditto calmly

Ruth

seated in her own favorite rocking-chair deeply absorbed in the contents of the latest fashion Bazaar. There was no longer any doubt as to the success of the experiment, and Ruth found that she had henceforth simply to will in order to have "Ditto" do.

Matters ran on smoothly for a while, it was indeed delightful to be able to devote oneself to the "pursuit of happiness," and to find one's mind broadening and growing under such favorable circumstances. Things were going smoothly indeed, only the clerks wondered and whispered occasionally.

Ruth

over poor Ruth—she was growing so frivolous, they remarked—and it did seem as though that flirtation with Apollo was really likely to end in a match.

But one unlucky day Ditto caught cold—oh dear. Feeling it necessary to earn every dollar possible, Ruth thought to attend to the duties at the store herself until Ditto recovered, but alas did ever any one meet with an uninterrupted run of prosperity. A new difficulty arose, she suddenly realized that in the short three weeks of perfect contentment she herself had unwarily waxed fat, and

Ruth

to present herself at the ribbon counter was out of the question. She could, perhaps, will Ditto round-cheeked and rosy, but willing herself lantern-jawed again was another matter—would take longer. So there was nothing for it but to send Ditto's excuse and amuse her at home and hope for the best for the morrow. Ditto proved plucky and showed signs of speedy recovery—no wonder, it was only her first cold.

A few days later everything was running on lovely, and then—the catastrophe.

Ruth

Now Ditto had been repeatedly warned by her mistress to the effect that she was on no account to stand too near the radiator (Ruth having her own misgivings as to the serious results likely to ensue—rubber melts and hot air rises). Ditto, like the dutiful Double that she was, had hitherto obeyed implicitly, but the attentive reader has doubtless observed that Ditto's passive submission had gradually grown weaker, and she was slowly passing into that willful age (when she knew it all herself) when defiance tempts weak natures and a little wilful disobedience.

Ruth

ence seems gloriously independent and brave. So, so. Well, one morning was extremely cold, and on entering the store Miss Ditto decided that she was frozen and easily allowed herself to be gently led, by Apollo, into dangerous proximity—Radiator. Customers were a futurity at that early hour, so Miss Ditto smiled and fluttered and chattered, while Apollo smiled and smirked and listened—and Radiator—*radiated*, when all of a sudden and, with a frightened scream Miss ~~Ruth~~ bounded upward (like a toy balloon set free)—on, on, up—up to the ceiling, through the sky—

Ruth

light—out, up, into the celestial blue.

History goeth no further.



THAT HAT.

(MIRABILE DICTU.)

HOW A PUBLISHER FURNISHED
MATERIAL.

I had just finished this interesting “work of art” and started out in the fullness of my heart and the jubilant innocence of youth to capture a publisher. I had heard it remarked that they seldom gore you unless you anger them, and I had determined to be mild about it and chase one in the quietest possible manner until I got

That Hat

him cornered. I had determined before hand, however, that if there was to be "any gore" I'd prove "my title clear" to the Toreador coat of arms. Would you believe it I've only had to kill one bull, that settled it.

Let's drop that metaphor. I call. I am told Mr. B. is very busy, will see you in a few minutes. I wait. I am requested to come this way. I come. I am courteously though pompously received. At last I am seated. I feel an aversion.

I am asked what it is that I want to see him about. I state the case.

That Hat

He swells. He's very busy, couldn't think of publishing anything less than an elephant; but I may leave my stories for the readers to look over. I wouldn't like to have my stories go to the readers, won't he just glance through one. He condescends. I hand him "The Man." He glances, lays it down with an artificial blasé air. I say, "Well, what do you think of it?" He suavely answers, "I hardly think it would serve to sell a book." Privately, neither do I, but I'm going to make it do that just the same.

He suggests that I try the P's or

That Hat

the H's, they might take it, they do that sort of thing; but he's got so much on hand just now, and besides he don't bother with such trifles. I say, "To be sure, it isn't a book, it's only a pamphlet." *

A north breeze enters the window just then. I rise. I depart much as one departs from a store counter. On glancing behind me as I pass out of the door (it's a long way from the desk) I notice that his Honor, perhaps because of the draft, has put on a somewhat doubtful expression and also his hat.

* (I want to say tract.)

That Hat

Even such a cursory glance serves to show me that *that* particular hat measures just exactly "twenty-five thousand miles around in circumference and nearly eight thousand miles through in diameter." No wonder the manufacturers hadn't found it necessary to do *much* advertising. (Say, though, but that's the time that Father Atlas got left.)

P. S.—His friends now greet him with that well nigh exhausted refrain, "where did you——?"



APPENDIX.

Dear me, I'm afraid that there's a whole lot of dead birds in the General's corn-field. Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it; though sometimes I almost wish that I didn't know how to throw stones. Once a fortune-teller warned me that in order to die old I'd have to get myself armed cap-a-pie. I wonder what that means, and I don't believe that she knew much anyway. Oh well, Pax vobiscum.

B. D.

1





